



AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of that Most Eminent Disputant

M^r. JEREMY IVES

OF LONDON.

Who departed this Life the 21. of October, 1675.

Shall Jeremy thus bid the world good night
And we no Lamentations for him Write?
What though he had no Rattles to his name
Our muse serves Merit, not Titles, or Fame;
Vertue and Parts do more than those adorn,
As to live Great, is better, than Great Born.
Let whiffers cry Mechanick, and upbraid
Him with Lay-breeding, or use of a Trade,
Whilst their own sloth they shamefully betray
By sleeping over rusty Books all day
His Sloop out-vy'd their Studies; could produce
A better stock of sense, and of more use;
As Pearls, though hid in shells, and darkest night
Are soon betray'd, and found by their own light;
So a brave mind, with pregnant parts endu'd,
Breaks through all clouds that on his beams ob-
And by its natural powers makes a start (trude;
Beyond the faint ascents of limping Art:
But where there wants a genius, the Schools
Encrease defects, and make us, double fools;
Conceited fopperie, that only affords
Scraps of old Authors, and Pedantique words.

Yet neither was Ives of that weak-brain'd fry,
Who Learning as a dreadful bugbear flye;
Who think latine most rank Idolatry
And Nonsense a sure sign of Piety;
The Art of Reasoning he complearly knew,
To oppose false notions, and defend the true;
A Complex Theme he fairly could untwist,
And manage Mood and figure when he list;
He did allow each thing its proper place,
And made Reason (as Handmaid) wait on grace,
Learning to serve Religion, as the Jews
Did in God's Ark th' Egyptian Ear-rings use;
Thus was his practice Chymistry Divine,
Logick so us'd, is water turn'd to wine.

R. E. When one in hope ('tis fear'd) of gain to
Apostatized to the Church of Rome, (come,
Whose ghostly fathers to defend the same
Made an Apology for't in his Name;
Jeremy bravely undertook the task,
And did the sneaking Hypocrites unmask,
Answer'd their arguments, and each pretence
Of Kin to probability, or sense,
So Solidly, and in so smart a strain,
That when 'twas brought a licence to obtain

A late grave Prelate did the same applaud,
And wish'd more of the Authors works abroad.

So when the Quakers Light so high did blaze;
As made some Ignorant wanders in a Maze,
Forlake the Conduct of bright Jacobs star,
And after their own Ignis Fatuus Err:
He boldly durst their Subtilties oppose,
And rescue Truth from undermining Foes;
Twice publicly in a solemn dispute,
He did their Teners baffle and refute;
And prov'd that they deserv'd no Christian name
Who (in Effect) Christ and Scriptures Disclaim;
Thus were his parts imploy'd, thus did he wage
Warr, with the fond Opinions of the age;
Yet was not narrow-breasted, but allow'd
In things indifferent a latitude;
He to the weak himself could well apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary,
And in their Errors Maze, his own way knew,
Which was to live to conscience, not to shew.

And shall we not bewail his death, that see
Of such good minds so great a Scarcitie?
Yet 'tis in vain, for cast but round your eye,
You'll find all dead here, or about to dye,
The stars, Heavens Jewels, vanish with the night
And day deceases with the Prince of light:
The Sun! Great Kings! & Mightiest Kingdoms fall
Whole Nations! nay, Mankind! the world! and all
That ever had begining here, have end,
With what injustice then should one pretend
To scape the common known necessity?
Soon as we all were born, we 'gan to dye,
And but for future hopes, and that brave strife
The Christian hath e' enjoy another life,
He were the wretched'st of the Race of men,
But as he soars at that, he bruises then
The serpents head, gets above death and sin,
And sure of Heaven, rides triumphant In;

Then you, his Friends! dry your Officious eyes,
Left you should seem his blis for to misprize:
Mourn not his fate, since he with joy is past it,
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it:
Rather Rejoyce, since his Mortality
B. comes his Birth-day to Eternity;

And now through Circumsufed light he looks,
On hidden Mysteries, reads those blessed books:
Wherein our great Redeemer does inroul,
The fair new name of every faithful soul,
Speaks Heavens language, and Discourses free
With spirits, that not till there, could perfect be.
There all the happy souls that ever were
shall meet with gladness in one Theatre;
There different sects embrace, none barr'd from
For weaknesses, but for impietie, (thence
There little heats, and censurings laid by,
They all sing praises in sweet harmony;
There each calls to their brother, as they walk,
And though they ne'r d'spute, they always talk
But all of G O D; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in All their Theam, that day;
That happy day! that never shall see night,
Where God will be all beauty to the sight;
All pleasant delicacies unto the taste,
And musick in the ear, shall ever last;
Where shall all glory, all perfection be
God in the Union and the Trinity;
Where sits our Judge, true God, and yet true
Jesus! the only gorten Christ, who can, (man,
As being Redeemer and Repairer too
Of lapsed nature, best know what to do
In that great act of judgement, which the father
Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather,
As being the son of Man) to shew his power,
His wisdom and his justice in that hour,
The last of hour's, and shutter up of all,
Where first his power will appear, by call
Of all are dead to life! His wisdom show
In the discerning of each conscience. so!
And most his justice in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's desires.
Oh may we all our faith and lives so place,
As then with joy to see his glorious face.

Epitaph.

Here lies the earthly part of a good Man,
That was Truth's Champion, against errors ban,
Who when at last he did with Death Dispute,
By Faith the frightful Monster could confute;
Let all his faults (The best have many a stain)
Be buried here, and never rise again.